

INDIAN SONGS

OF

PEACE:

WITH

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A PROPOSAL, in a prefatory EPISTLE,
FOR ERECTING
INDIAN SCHOOLS.

AND

A POSTSCRIPT by the Editor, introducing
YARIZA, an Indian Maid's LETTER,
to the principal LADIES of the Province and
City of *New-York*.

By the Author of the AMERICAN FABLES.

Nec longum tempus & ingens,
Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbos. VIRG.

*Nor long the Time till the great Tree arose,
Tow'rs Heaven extending its fair happy Boughs.*

NEW-YORK:

Printed by J. PARKER, and W. WAYMAN, the
New Printing-Office in Beaver-Street, MDCCLII.



NEW YORK:

Printed by J. L. ... and J. W. ...
New York: ...



T O
S Y L V A N U S,

S I R,

§ L §
A T E L Y reading the little History of the *Five Indian Nations*, I met with a Passage in it, which I thought worth particular Notice. It is this, ‘ I suppose our
‘ Interpreters were not Poets enough to
‘ translate the Songs, otherwise I might have gratified
‘ the Reader with a Taste of Indian Poetry.’

I have enquired whether any such Songs could be found, as I know that you are curious in such Things; and these, which I now send to you, since came to Hand.

Maratbo is named for the Originals, and *Yariza*, and that is all that I can tell you of them at present, but I shall make further Enquiry. This much I can tell you now, that some question whether *Yariza* compos’d her Part, or only sung it. The Dispute is not very material; but if there be such a Genius, as we are told, among the *Indians*, I know not why the gentler Sex, may not be supposed to partake of it, especially, on Subjects suitable to their Gentleness.

They seem to have been designed on Occasion of promulging the last General Peace.

What

‘What Time is this for them?’ (says a Critic) Why
‘did they not come sooner?’

And, (if it be civil to answer one Question by asking another, but what shall one do with captious Critic’s) why were they not ask’d for, or enquir’d after sooner? Perhaps they are come full soon, for any Thing that will be thought of them.---Perhaps it is the Fashion of Indian Writers, to keep their Composures by them for some Time, to correct and polish; and well it were for some others, and for their Readers, that they would do likewise. Better Pieces, than they are, have lain by many more Years, before they have made their Appearance.—‘Ay,—but it looks suspicious, that *Yariza* says nothing of Prince *Frederick*, who was ‘living at that Time.’

There might be a Reason given for that,—her Thoughts were taken up;—she was lamenting the Death of the Queen;—admiring the Princess,—now Princess Dowager:—And is it not natural for the Female Kind, much to set by those of their own Sex, who are highly eminent?

‘Very well,—but to speak of the young Prince, ‘and not to mention his Father, a Prince so noble, human, beneficent, of such Appearance and Hopes.’

Alas!—these Critics love to perplex Matters.—I shall leave them to observe to you, that these Songs or Odes, call them which you please, by their Air and Accent, appear of Indian Extraction. They abound with that Phraseology. The Tree, the Chain, the House of Peace, the great *Sachem* for the King, the great Lake for the Ocean, *Corlaer* for the Governor of the Province, *Manhatten* for *New-York*, you very well know are Terms in Use with them.

The Book of Peace, if they are not used so to call the Book there intended, I think it would be nothing amiss to learn them to call it so; and I can not apprehend that the Translator, granting that he found not
that

that Expression in the Original, but added it, is to be blamed for such an Addition.

But suppose that the Writer of these Odes only took Hints from the Indian, and that they are far from being a close Translation; yet, ought we not to esteem the Indian Genius, which could give such Hints to him?

The Author of the little History of these Nations, says of them, to his Excellency Governor *Burnet*, to whom he dedicates it; that tho' they were under the darkest Ignorance, yet, 'a bright and noble Genius shines thro' these black Clouds.'

He goes on to say, that, 'none of the greatest Roman Heroes have discovered a greater Love to their Country, or a greater Contempt of Death, than these Barbarians have done, when Life and Liberty came in Competition.'

In another Place he says, that, 'if Care was taken to plant in them, and cultivate that general Benevolence to Mankind, which is the true Principle of Virtue,—they would no longer deserve the Name of Barbarians, but would become a People whose Friendship might add Honour to the British Nation.'

What Pity is it, that such a Genius should be sunk or depraved, which, if it was reliev'd and rightly cultivated, might shine out to them, and to us, with Advantage and with Honour.

Would not such cultivating of it, tend to the Good of the Publick, not only of this Province and those Nations, but promote the *British*,—the Christian Interest?

To this might be conducive, if some Person capable of furthering such an Intention, were encouraged to settle for some Time in those Parts, to attain the Language, if he has it not already, and under proper Direction to institute Schools, or, at least, in the mean Time, one good School for Education, and to enquire for the
fittest

fittest Persons to recommend to the Care and Charge of it.

If there is already a School there; for I do not pretend to be well acquainted with the present Disposition of Affairs in those Parts, there might be another set up at a convenient Distance; and it may not be amiss, to set one or two good Mistresses over a separate School of Girls. Much would depend on the Improving and Refining that Sex, to reclaim and civilize the other.

In these Schools, some of the most Ingenious and Docile of the young Indians might be instructed in our Faith and Morals, and Language, and in our Methods of Life and Industry, and in some of those Arts which are most useful.

These, that is, some of the best disposed and qualified of them, might in Time be set over other Schools, for it may be thought not unfitting, that there were one, at least, for every Nation, or rather for each of the Tribes, which are reckon'd three in every Nation.

In the mean Time, the Youths so forming, might be profitable, each in the Family which he belongs to, where he might be look'd upon as a young Instructor, and frequently be so,

This, likewise, might help to prevent Teachers being sent among them by another Nation, which has been done formerly, and has been found prejudicial.

Our Historian, Mr. Colden, tells us, pag. 69. 'We may still observe the Influence, which the *French Priests* had obtained over the other Nations, and to 'what Christian-like Purposes they used it.'

Those other Nations, page 70. are the *Onandagas*, *Cayugas*, and *Oneydoes*, three of the Five; and the Purposes were spiriting them up against other Indians, Friends of *Virginia*, whom they made War on, and kill'd some of the People of *Virginia* who assisted those Indians.

And

And p. 71. By the Influence of one of them, nam'd *Milet*, a Jesuit, on the *Oneydoes*, they were frequently turn'd against the Southern Indians, Friends of the *English* Southern Colonies.

These Quotations, I hope, will not seem tedious to you. This Observation may arise from them, that since there have been, and still are Men so industrious for secular Ends (at least, such their Designs appear to us) as to compass Sea and Land, to make Profelytes; it will be becoming in us to attempt more extensive Methods for enlightning the Understanding, and reforming the Way of Living of those People, to which we are urg'd by a Variety of the best Motives.

To civilize our Friends and Neighbours; — to strengthen our Allies and our Alliance; — to adorn and dignify Human Nature; — to save Souls from Death; to promote the Christian Faith, and the Divine Glory, are the Motives.

There is yet another which may incline our Hearts to these People, and that is, the great Love which they express to Peace. Is there a Nation under Heaven, which speaks of it in more complacent and pathetic Terms?

No Wonder, if their young Men of Genius, their Bards or Druids, like *Maratbo*; their young Maids of fine natural Qualities, like *Yariza*; No Wonder, if they should frame Songs of Peace, when the old Men, the *Sachems*, speak of it with such Passion and Rapture, that their Speech seems a poetical Language; a Kind of divine Enthusiasm.—

What do you think, Sir, would it not be worth a Philosopher's While to come from *Europe*, to see these Nations of Peace-Lovers, and to converse with them, and if he could purchase some Slips or Suckers of their Tree of Peace? Would it not be well done to take them back with him, and recommend them to the
European.

European Regions? The Princes there use to be fond of foreign Rarities.— What if the precious Tree was propagated in the Gardens at *Kensington*? What if in those at *Vienna*, *Marli*, the *Arranjuez*,—*Potsdam*?—

Not that those Imperial and Royal Gardens, are supposed now to want Trees or Plants of such Kind,--- happy, if they take Root and flourish,—if they be duly cultivated ;— if the great Owners water them with their own Hands : Nor is that beneath their Dignity, if they look on them as their Garden's chief Ornaments, and Delight to meditate the Good of Mankind, under their Shadows : — But, still, such Slips from hence might be favourably received as an exotic Curiosity,

I return to the *Five Nations*. That you may not think that I magnify their Love of Peace : Read their own Words, speaking of the Tree of Peace, in one of their Orations, in the 3d Chap. of the History.

‘ We now plant a Tree, whose Top will reach the Sun, and its Branches spread far abroad, so that it shall be seen afar off, and we shall shelter over selves under it, and live in Peace without Molestation.’— p. 67. ‘ The Tree of Peace is planted so firmly that it can not be moved.’ p. 89. they say, ‘ That they shall Dance to the Calumet of Peace, under its Leaves, and shall remain quiet.’

In like Language, they speak of the Chain, which seems to signify with them, a League of Peace or Alliance.

Page 60. ‘ We gladly catch at, and lay hold of the Chain, which we desire may be kept clean and bright like Silver.’ p. 67. ‘ Now we have a new Chain, a strong and a straight Chain that cannot be broken,— Let us on both Sides hold the Chain fast.’

Is it not a Pity that People, who seem so much to love Peace, should not be further'd in the best Methods of preserving it inwardly in their Minds, as well as in their outward

outward Condition? I doubt not, but that the worthy Man, who was there formerly, did his Endeavour, and that he who is now there does the same; but what is one Man to such Multitudes?

Should they not be more extensively acquainted with the Doctrine and Precepts of the Prince of Peace, by the Knowledge and Observance of which, they would be led into those serene Regions, where their beloved Tree flourishes with a sweet Odour for ever?

Should not Schools and Oratories be set up in sundry Parts of the *Indian Nations*, or, at least, as has been said before, one or two principal Ones, from whence others might derive, as from some beneficent Springs-Head flows a Stream, which becomes a great River to refresh an extensive Country, and make glad the Hearts of a populous Nation?

Where are the Men, who desire, like the Heroes and Law-givers of Antiquity, to rescue Nations from Barbarity; like the chosen Missionaries, to propagate the Divine Light, which came to enlighten the World: Is it not becoming them to appear in such an Undertaking?

However useful one, or another might be in the immediate Parts: Do you not think, *Sylvanus*, that such an Intention would require the chief Men of the Province, for Presidents and Conductors of it? Should not the leading Men of the Neighbouring Colonies, desire to associate in it; the rather as the Welfare and Security of those Colonies as well as of this, seem to have some Connexion with a right Institution of these Indians?

It is not improbable that the *British* Society, on proper Application, would further encourage it. Nor is it to be doubted, but that some in high Stations in *Britain*, would promote it.

The Court, the Nobles, and Gentlemen there, many of whom are of the finest Taste and Expression, in the

various Kinds of Eloquence, might, in Consequence of this, in a little Time, expect from hence, finer Indian Odes, than what are now presented to them.

But if they think little of the Songs of *India*, (as indeed these Transcripts, at least, are not much to be thought of, whatever Originals may be) yet, it is becoming them to advance the Cause of Christianity; and it is not unworthy of their Care, to promote, by all proper Means, the Maintaining the Ballance of Power in *America*, as well as in other Parts of the World.

An Objection has been raised by some Gentlemen, not against the Expediency of this Work, but because of the Difficulty of it.

They represent the *Indians*, as an untractable People, very tenacious of their own Manners and Fashions.

If such an Attempt and Performance were very easy, there would be the less Honour in accomplishing it. But neither can I imagine it so very difficult. Very wild and savage Nations have been reformed; therefore, the *Indians*, who are nothing so Savage, may be reformed. One or two Men, have sometimes done a great deal towards civilizing the Manners of a People. What may not be done by the eminent Men of a large Province, in Conjunction? Perhaps to be assisted by some of their best Neighbours, and supported by a high Encouragement.

How much have some wild People, such formerly, improved in other Countries within this Century, and some in half that Time. What need to speak of other Nations and of ancient Ages? Mr. *Colden*, whose Book I open again, seems to think the *Indians* like other People. 'I am fond to think, says he, that the present State of the *Indian* Nations, exactly shews the 'most ancient and original Condition of almost every 'Nation.' If the Original be the same, why may there not be a like Progress, especially in a People, who

who seem to have an innate Disposition to Science, and who breathe untaught Eloquence ?

Then,— that Love of Liberty and Honour ;— that *Roman*,— that *British* Spirit :— They seem naturally akin to us,--- beside our Alliance,— let us help our Brethren. If the rough Gem throws out some Sparks of Light, how will it shine when polish'd ! If the Tree appears fair in the Verdure of its Leaves, will not the Blossoms and Fruits make it look more lovely !

Speaking of Trees, minds me of two Lines in *Virgil*, which seems applicable to this Subject.

Exuarint Sylvestrem animum, Cultuque frequenti,
In quascunque voces Artes, haud tarda sequuntur.

*The savage Mind, by Culture when subdu'd,
Will with the nobler Arts be soon imbu'd.*

But there is no Occasion for *Virgil's* Skill in grafting to prolong this Discourse. — Perhaps it is too tedious, I would not multiply Words.

My reading Mr. *Colden*, and transcribing the Indian Songs, rais'd these Thoughts in me. I imagin'd, that communicating them might be of Service. It is not for me to proceed any further : If what is written seems for the Good of the Publick ; the Ways and Means ; the proper Method,—that lies before others.

It may be, at the next Assembly, if it shall seem good to them ; a Committee will be appointed to enquire into the State of the *Indian Nations*, and into the best Methods for preserving, and strengthening, and improving our Alliance with them.

Perhaps, some will say, such Cares should begin at Home ; that it becomes them chiefly to provide for the Education of their own Youth ; and that they are to consider of erecting and endowing a stately Edifice suitable to that Purpose.—It is very well,--- wherefore should they not ?— But it is noble to have extensive Views : That they may do ; and yet not leave the other undone. They may look to the Welfare of their

Families, and to the Honour and Advantage of the Province.— Wherefore should they not?— For this they have Dwellings in these Lands, and Seats in that Council.

But, at the same Time, they may comprehend, and deliberate on the promoting, more largely the *British* Interest, and the Cause of Humanity, of Christianity.

This would give a peculiar Lustre to their Assembly. This would be to rise Forts and Bulwarks on their Borders. This would be to make their Province and City, a Name and a Praise on the Earth.— This would be indeed, more fully, to entitle them to the dear Appellations of Fathers and Patriots.

I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient

And most humble Servant.



THE

T H E

T R E E of P E A C E, &c.

The A R G U M E N T.

Introduction to the Song of Maratho.— The Tree of Peace planted and blest.— The Chain of Concord magnify'd.— The Ax, that is, War, buried in the deep Pit.— A Commendation of Peace and social Virtue.— An Exhortation from Peace.— Corlaer (that is the Governor of the Province) entreated to send more Instructors.— An Acknowledgment for the Blessing of Peace to the Divine Being, whom these Indians call § the Great Spirit.— The King commended as a Friend to Peace.— Address to the King and to Britain.— A Benediction.— Yariza called upon to sing her Part.—

NOW the joyful Morning shone,
Bright as e'er was Morning known;
When the Indian Nations met,
The fair Tree of Peace to set.

As the Tribes, there, all prepar'd,
The Solemnity regard;
From amidst th' attentive Throng,
Maratho began the Song.

Plant and blest the sacred Tree,
Prosp'rous may its Shadow be!
Fast lay hold of Earth its Roots!
Be the Fruits of Peace its Fruits be!

Lofty

§. See Garangula's Answer to M. Delabarre in the History, Page 86.

Lofty let its Top arise,
And be favour'd by the Skies !
Spirits good, from High who view,
Water it with heav'nly Dew !

Now lay hold of Concord's Chain ;
Ev'ry Hand a Link maintain !
Let each Heart the Band confess !
And united Voices blefs.

Bind it graceful round your Arms,
Gird your selves with all its Charms ;
Fair and splendid let it shine
For this is the Chain Divine.

But the Grave of War, — the Pit,
Bury th' Ax now deep in it ;
Never more thine Edge uprear,
Keep it Earth, — O keep it there.

Yet if it must rise again,
If bad Faith should break the Chain,
Then, O Earth, thy Charge deliver
With a keener Edge than ever.

Rather, hence, let Men be wise,
Learning Works of Peace to prize ;
Man to Man, no more a Foe,
Cease devising mutual Woe,

Are there not wild Beasts in store,
Thro' the Forrests to explore ?
Why should wrong-taught Weapons dare,
'Gainst the Life of Man to war ?

Happy Peace from Heav'n was sent
To bid Savage Rage relent,
And of better Life be fond ;
And approve the social Bond.

Turn,

Turn, she says, 'all th' Iron War
' To a fitter Use by far ;
' That which Mankind did destroy,
' To improve the Earth employ :

' From the River, from the Wood
' Let your young Men bring you Food,
' For the fair Support of Life ;
' And hence know no other Strife.

' Let them vie to make the Field,
' More abundant Bread to yield,
' And where now the Wood-Land stands,
' Shew well cultivated Lands.

' And, withal, O let them learn
' Virtue's Beauties to discern,
' T' understand what's good and true,
' That which Men should most pursue.'

Think you hear from sacred Peace,
Breathing Balsam, Words like these :
In your Hearts these Words receive,
In your Memories engrave.

Send, *Corlaer*, more good Men here,
Who such Words may more endear,
And our Knowledge more increase,
From the House and Book of Peace.

The Great Spirit, Lord of all,
He, who bids the Thunder roll,
Who commanded the Sun's Birth,
Who sends Showers to water th' Earth.

The most potent Sovereign,
Gracious to the Sons of Men,
He the troubled World seren'd,
He for us this Peace ordain'd. The

The high *Sachem*, at the Helm
Of the pow'rful *British* Realm,
GEORGE, who's Great on Lands and Seas,
Indians, is a Friend to Peace :

Deeds of War, in his Esteem,
Which to others pompous seem,
Are not great, but as they tend
In a happy Peace to end.

He has set a Tree of Peace,
Th' Earth, and the great Lake to grace ;
May the Nations love its Shade !
And its Verdure never fade !

And this Tree which we erect,
Be it guarded, be it deck'd
By the royal *Sachem's* Care,
Giv'n in Charge to the *Corlaer*.

Given in Charge,—yet still retain'd ;
Reign thus long, as thou hast reign'd,
And thy various Realms survey,
As the Sun maintains its Sway :

Shine on all,—look into all,—
Nor the distant seem too small ;
That might wrong a vulgar Eye,
Not the Ken of Majesty.

Guardian *Britain* ! tho' remote,
Yet of mighty Name and Note,
Let thy Peace our Peace complete !
And thy Grandeur make us great.

All these Coasts,—but, Thou, great Isle
Have high Heav'n's continual Smile !
Still, a Sov'reign happy Land
Still, the Seat of Empire stands ! *Indian*

The Tree of P E A C E.

Indian Nations! now repeat,—
'Heav'n preserve the British State!
'And the British Chief, and Race,
'And these Lands,— and bless the Peace.'

The three last Lines sung in Chorus. After a Pause,
Maratho sings again.

Where's *Yariza's* blooming Train,
Let them now adorn the Scene :
Let the Virgin Band advance,
And her Song direct their Dance.



COME, O Virgins! and obey.
And adorn the solemn Day:
Maratho, we hear thy Call,
Attend the Festival.



The Tree of P E A C E, &c.

Part II.

YARIZA'S SONG.

The ARGUMENT.

The Introduction. — The Tree of Peace invoc'd and celebrated. — An Image of War, — and of Peace. — The Indian Maids exhorted and encouraged to Industry. The chief Ladies of New-York requested to assist them. A fine Web propos'd to be made to carry to Court. — Not resolv'd on because of the Queen's Death, which is lamented. — They are comforted by the Appearance of the Princess and the young Prince. — Exclamations for Prosperity to the Tree of Peace, and for a Divine Blessing on the British King and Nation, — and on themselves. —

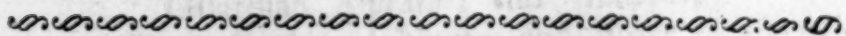
Magna Sacerdos

Arboris, ac summi fida internuncia cæli. Juv.

Juvenal spoke this of a Jewess, applied to the Roman Women's Superstitions, — It is not meant in that Sense here. — To accomodate it to Yariza. —

The Translation of it may run thus.

*She the great Priestess of the Tree Maintains,
An Intercourse with Heav'n in sacred Strains.*



COME O Virgins! and obey,
And adorn the solemn Day:
Maratbo, we hear thy Call,
And attend the Festival.

Indian

Indian Maids ! prepare, prepare
In these Rites your Parts to bear :
From around the Tree a Ring,
Dancing to the Notes I sing.

Lovely Plant of happy growth !
Good for Shade and Shelter both ;
From on high thou first wast giv'n,
From a Nursery in Heav'n.

Ah ! remembring thy great Birth,
Canst thou flourish here on Earth,
Nor by Summer's Drought annoy'd,
Nor by Winter's Frost destroy'd ?

And shall no rude Whirlwind dare
Thy fair Branches to make bare ?
Shall thy Leaves these Lands regale ;
Shall thy Blossoms charm and heal !

Shall thy Fruits of fragrant Cheer
Never satiate ? ever dear,
Shall they hence to Mankind be
As is Light, or Liberty ?

Tree of Paradise ! grow high !
Let thy Top ascend the Sky !
And thy Boughs spread more and more,
Till the Earth they cover o'er !

Every Bird of sweetest Voice,
Come and in this Shade rejoice ;
In the Song of Peace combine,
Come and tune your Notes to mine.

Come ye Younglings with your Dams,
Come the little gentle Lambs !
Bounding as ye come along,
As if Dancing to the Song,
C 2 But

But, far hence each Savage Beast,
That delights in laying Waste,
Beasts of War:—No Wolf come here,
Nor the Panther nor the Bear.

Savage War! Men well might see,
Cruelty belongs to thee.
Like some raging Tyger, thou,
Bath'd in Blood, didst Fury vow.

Gentle Peace of heavenly Mind,
ever Good, and ever Kind!
Like the lovely Turtle-Dove,
Cooing Music, breathing Love.

Now our Hearts are undismay'd,
Now our Hands shall grace this Shade!
Why should others us excell,
Why, so much, in doing well?

Here, tho' Dies diversly strike,
Virtuous Souls should seem alike,
As from Birds of different Dye,
May come equal Harmony.

Wool and Flax, shall by our Care,
Turn to Habits fine and fair;
Can't our Wheels as well go round?
Or can't Looms for us be found?

Would the Ladies of chief Note,
In *Manbatan*, now promote
Our industrious fair Designs,
With fit Teachers and Machines.

Chosen Maids, e'er long, from hence,
Rear'd by their bright Influence,
Would resort to them, in Throngs,
With fine Webs, and finer Songs.

Neigh.

Neighb'ring People, in amaze
When they come this Way, will gaze,
While they see that we intend
Some choice Web abroad to send.

This to the great Court I'll take
That's beyond the spacious Lake:
Shall I?----- or shall I forbear?
Ah!----the good Queen is not there.

Cease the Dance, O Virgin Band,
And in solemn Silence stand!
Caroline adorns the Skies!
Thither 'tis that Virtues rise.

Thence they come, they there must go;---
They seem Aliens here below:---
When shall such another Queen,
Gracing *British* Realms be seen!

Cease to weep, --- now dry your Tears,
A new Light from Heav'n appears;
For the Princess seems to shine
As another *Caroline*.

And the Prince, her high first born,
Promises the World t' adorn;
As a Plant of Peace to grow,
And another GEORGE to shew.

Now, once more, in lightsome Round,
Tread the consecrated Ground;
Charm the Earth, and charm the Air,
Kindly, the fair Tree to rear!

Ev'ry Root, and ev'ry Bough
By the sacred Influence grow!
Hear O Earth! O Air! and strive
Which shall make it most to thrive!

Hear!!

Hear!— (but, now, forbear to move;
Higher Sounds light Steps reprove;)
Now, all Voices join with me,
Hear O Heav'n!— and bless the Tree!

And thy *British* Servant bless,
Yet with Years of happy Peace,
And the *Britons* of all Lands,
Where so e'er that People stands.

Bless us, also, Pow'r Divine!
Form'd by thee, we too are thine;
Make us yet more clearly see
The sure Path, which leads to thee.—

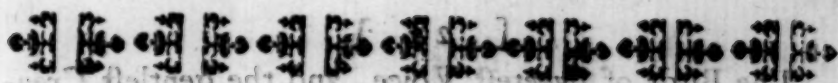
O send forth † thy Truth, thy Light
To direct our Steps aright,
To the blissful glorious Place,
Where is everlasting Peace.

† Critics may object against this, as a Scripture Phrase, being proper to come from Yaviza; but let them consider that she might have heard it from the Minister.

It is surely a Phrase not improper for him to have us'd frequently before his Sermons. And perhaps some short Hymns and Prayers in the Indian Language, would be one of the best Steps to be first taken for their Instruction.



Every Root, and every Branch
By the sacred Influence grow
Alas! O Earth! O Air! and fire!



A

POSTSCRIPT

By the EDITOR.

YARIZA's Letter, which came lately to Hand, it is hoped, will not be disagreeable to the principal Ladies to whom it is directed.

To judge of it by the Style and Sentiments, it seems no less genuine than the other Pieces. It may be reckon'd more rare. We have had before now Productions of the Oratory of the Male *Indians*, but this, perhaps, is the first of the Female.

Some may imagine the Whole to be from *Maratbo*: But why should we doubt some of the *Indian* Women having some Genius for Poetry and Oratory, when we know there are of the Sex, eminent in those Arts, in other Countries.

One would think that there is a peculiar Delicacy and Tenderness, suitable to the Sex, which distinguishes what is ascrib'd to *Yariza*. Her Song appears to have a more pathetic Simplicity.

Maratbo speaks briefly of the Tree of Peace, and then of the Chain of Concord, and of the Grave or Pit of War; nay, he blusters a little of the Ax arising again, as if War was not yet quite out of his Head. *Yariza* is all Gentleness, and seems loth to remove her Contemplations from the delightful Tree.

At the very first, there appears a Concern for it, lest being of heavenly Origin, it should not grow kindly here on Earth, lest the Drought, or Frost, or Storms should injure it. The Leaves, the Blossoms and Fruits, are all mentioned in such a Manner, as shew her Fondness for it.

The

[24]
The Birds of sweetest Voice, and the gentlest Creatures embellish it. Wheels and Looms are its Decorations.

But here arises a Difficulty: It seems doubtful whether she can be warranted in her Design to go to Court, and in her speaking of the great Personages.

Is this Propriety of Sentiment? It is very sure, she might have heard of the Queen, and Princess, and of the young Prince, and how dear they were to *Britons*: But did it become her to attempt their Eulogies? The whole Affair is submitted to the Ladies and to the Critics, only, let them remember in her Favour, that she did not intend to go to Court without a fine Web along with her.

Altho' the Solemnity of the Occasion might lead her she appears there but as by Accident. She do's not depend on any Songs composed by her or *Maratbo*, to introduce her, but on good Huswif'ry.

She makes but a short Visit to lament the absent Brightness, and to take Comfort from that which is present.

She soon returns to the fair Tree, which seems dearer to her than the Grandeur of a Court, than the Pomp of Majesty.

She had look'd undazzled on royal Splendor, and on an illustrious Progeny. But here she is in Raptures. She invokes the Earth, the Air, and Heaven. — She appears no longer as an *Indian* Maid, the untaught *Xariza*, but as a *Sybil*, or rather a Prophetess in a divine Transport, while she extends her Hands, and looking up, blesses the King and Nations.

Has she not communicated her Rapture? Is not this Comment smit with her Enthusiasm? — Be it so, — perhaps such Enthusiasm is not blameable.

However, would it not be well done by those, to whom her Letter is address'd, yet to encourage her to go to Court; or after some Time, direct thither others

others of the *Indian* Maids, who shall become most accomplish'd, with some of their fine Industry.

Such a Present, it may be well imagined, would not be unacceptable to the chief Ladies of the Court of *Britain*.

And such a Motive, beside many others, and the Benefit thence to arise to themselves might influence those of the Fair Sex here, who have it most in their Power, to promote the Instruction and Improvement of the Female *Indians*. As for the Men, it is hoped that they will take Care of the Male Sex; and should the gentler Kind, who are allow'd to have a greater Share of Tendernefs be outdone on so fair an Occasion for their Emulation: — But, perhaps, *Yariza* is too long detained from her Address to them.



YARIZA's LETTER

To the principal LADIES of the Province and City of *New-York*.

Fair Ladies,

PARDON *Yariza*, while presuming thus to address to you; she speaks not only for herself, but for many Thousands of young *Indian* Maids in these Parts, who desire to offer their Services to you, and to congratulate you on the Planting of the Tree of Peace.

May you walk delightfully under its Shade, for, most surely, *Corlaer* has set up one there, as our *Sachems* have done here.

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May it spread its Branches over all your Abodes, and over the whole Country, and no wild Beast of War come out of the Forest to root it up. May the Island of *Manhatan*, and the neighbouring Isles, and the large Land, all become as one Garden of Peace and Pleasure; and may your Children grow up like fair Plants that are cherish'd by the benign Heat of the bright Luminary, and nurs'd by the refreshing Dew of Heaven. May each of you have in your Habitations, a fair Shrub, or little Tree, as a Family Tree of Peace, to bless your Dwellings. May the Exhalations from it, be as the sweet Odour of Incense, or as the Leaves of the sweetest Trees in the Forest, to gladden your Apartments. Let no rude Sounds of Discord or Disquiet, be as a blighting Wind to wither the Leaves thereof. No Distress nor Diffidence, like a thick Fog, cast an unkindly Mildew to taint them, but the Man's Eyes, like the Sun-Beams, cheer its Roots, and the Woman's Voice, as a gentle Breeze, fan and regale the Branches. Let her draw deep into her Breast the Balsam of its Effluence, and her Lips breathe forth and improve the Fragrance.

How gladly would the *Indian* Maids attend on you in your (high Wigwams) great Houses, to learn somewhat of your Gracefulness and Goodness, to watch the Bidding of your fine Eyes, and wait on the Beckoning of your fair Hands!— But we are not worthy, till better fashion'd. Send us, therefore, we pray ye, some good Women, who may teach us those Sounds, wherein you utter your Commands and Meaning, that we may perfectly understand, and be the more fit to attend to them, and who may learn us somewhat of the Performances of the fine Needles, wherein yourselves are so excellent; and who may direct us in those Operations for the Looms, wherein your Maid-Servants are instructed.

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The *Indian* Virgins, O Ladies, cast themselves at your Feet, humbly desiring your Protection and Patronage. Think to what it is that you are call'd upon: To be as pure Living-Springs, that water a dry sandy Desert; as a bright Light to illuminate dark Regions; as a divine Voice sounding in the Forest, to raise the sweetest Consort. You are called upon to be the Praise of future Ages, as well as of the present; to have the Blessings of Nations on you and the Blessings of Heaven.

May you long adorn the Tree of Peace,— and may we, also, by your Means, be assisted in those Works and Knowledge, which will yield the finest Garlands to bind to its Branches.

Live happy, O amiable Ladies, and look favourably on the Daughters of the *Five Nations*, in behalf of whom, this Gratulation of the Planting of the fair Tree, this Offer of their Service; this Request for their Improvement; their good Wishes for your Welfare, are offer'd with Respect to you, and Admiration of you, by

Y A R I Z A.

F I N I S.



The London 7th Regt. O. P. 1841. call themselves as
your Port, kindly deliver your Religion and I
think to what it is that you are called upon
To be a poor Laborer, that is, a poor
Duties, as a right I ought to have said, I ought
as a divine voice sounding in the world, to have
twice said, You are called upon to be the
of human race, as well as of the present; to have the
Blessings of Nations on you and the Blessings of
Heaven.
May you long adorn the Tree of Peace;—and may
we also, by your means be assisted in those Works
and Knowledge, which will render the Faith Gardens to
bind to its Branches.
Live happy, O amiable Ladies, and look favourably
on the Prayers of the poor Women, in behalf of
whom, this Committee of the City of London, in the
this City of their Sister City, request for their Im-
provement; their good Wishes for your Welfare, are
offered with Respect to you, and Admiration of you, by

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